

STR-----'s FAREWELL
TO THE
HERMITAGE,

Sitting on the Top of

Mount Alexander.

- 1 WITH this Diversity of View,
Oft have I wav'd my anxious Pain ;
When from the Summit I pursue
The Rock, the River, Wood, or Plain ;
Lakes, Mountains, Meads, Fields fertile far and nigh ;
Diverting cloudy Thought and courting wandering Eye.
- 2 Imagine then; thou blest'd Abode,
E're while thy Master's Fond Delight,
Where he was certain to unload
His Anguish, spight of lawless Might ;
Think on the Woes our first Fore-fathers knew,
Thrust out of Paradise, and such he feels for you.
- 3 And you my pretty feathered Quire,
Who sung each Morn your chearful Lays
Who could your Patron's Soul inspire,
To join in your Creator's Praise ;
For whom will you rehearse your heavenly Notes,
Erect your Gorges, and distend your Throats.

- 4 A barb'rous unrelenting Throng,
 Cuts down your Bowers with every Tree;
 Revenging your melodious Song,
 Meerly because you sung for me;
 Soon from your native Mansions must you fly,
 Be, for your rightful Lord expell'd as well as I.
- 5 Alas! that I should see an Age,
 Which boundless Perjury has brought,
 That I must leave to noisy Rage,
 The peaceful Labours of my Thought;
 What Swain so void of Sympathy but grieves,
 To think my spotless Cell, is made a Den of Thieves,
- 6 The Groves that Raptures to me gave,
 Contemplating the Works above,
 Must harbour now each filthy Slave,
 Compos'd of the Reverse of Love;
 My solitary pure Recesses must
 Suffer rebellious Hate, and shelter Lust.
- 7 The Letcher on each flowry Brink,
 will hear his fullsome Doxy sing;
 The Traitors too, with Lab'ring think
 How to withstand their Native King;
 Abominations, of such deep Disgrace,
 As ne're polluted yet that holy place.
- 8 The Thickets of yon shady Brow,
 Where wildest Creatures freely rang'd
 No more that Privilege allow,
 so wonderfully Things are chang'd;
 All must pour out their little Lives apace,
 To feast the vilest Sons of humane Race.

*He suffered no
 Creature to
 be kill'd in
 his Park of
 Mount Al-
 exander.*

9 Methinks I see that harmless Croud,
Viewing their Murderers around,
In dying Sighs and Groans aloud,
Proclaim the Pain of every Wound;
Wishing him safe, who ne're could see them Bleed,
Ev'n to subsist himself, whom they were born to Feed.

10 And thou my lovely Fountain shew,
For thou could'st well inspire the Swain,
And make his icy Bosom glow,
Or cool or quench his raging Pain.
Tell how the friendly Bushes strove t' excell,
To rear a Shade for so Divine a Well.

11 As I revere thy Silver Streams,
Thy cooling Rills, thy murmuring Noise,
Where often with a Health to JAMES,
Thou couldst revive our scanty Joys
Be muddy still, if any Wretch begin
A Health to Tyrants or Success to Sin.

12 Lo! *Argentinus* lifts his Head
With Melancholy in his Look
Whither, O whither art thou led
(He cries) from the beloved Brooks?
By this my God-head till, thy Face return,
I'll poure out *Arsnick*, or I'll close my Urn.

13 Yet e're we part let's once remind
Diviner Powers, as heretofore,
The Worthiest Prince of humane kind,
With all his Faithful to restore
He quast; with much adoe he drank it up;
So fast his gushing Eyes supply'd the Cup.

14 Then

14 Then I! and straight the watery Sire
 Sunk down into the reedy Ground,
 Adieu, said he, I must retire;
 Then utter'd with a broken Sound,
 Since thou'rt, for Acting justly, thus Opprest,
 Go keep thy Fortitude and hope the Best.

15 And now the hellish Bands advance,
 Bent to destroy what e're they meet;
 Lo! while the furious Horse-men Prance,
 Poor Peasants Gasp beneath their Feet,
 Yet Cruelty sits smiling on their Cheeks,
 To hear the Orphan's Crys and Widow's Shreeks.

16 O Heavens! let me remove as far
 As ever Ship could Mortal roll,
 To freeze beneath the Northern Star,
 Or perish at the other Pole
 E're I behold such an unnatural War,
 Christians commit what Pagans would abhor.

17 What then remains but that I go
 As *Argentinus* you now bid,
 Since there's a Fate that rules below,
 From whom there's nothing can be hid,
 That Fate can bear me Witness of my Heart
 How I have lov'd this Land, how loth I am to part.

18 Retract not, O my Soul! I must
 Perform what Destiny ordains,
 In Providence I put my Trust,
 Adieu to Woods, to Hills, to Plains,
 Thou Envy of the turbulently great!
 Farewell my sweet, my innocent Retreat.

